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Richard Nugent, Editor.]

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

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All letters addressed to the Editor must be post paid.

Among the valuable relics of former days, is the following song extensively circulated throughout the country after Gen. St. Clair was defeated by the Indians in Ohio. It is headed thus:

Sainclair's Defeat.

'Twas November the fourth, in the year of ninety-one,
We had a sore engagement near to Fort Jefferson;
Sainclair was our commander, which may be remembered be,
For there we left nine hundred men in the Western Territory.

At Bunker's Hill and Quebec, where many a hero fell,
Likewise at Long Island, (it is I the truth can tell),
But such a dreadful carnage may I never see again
As hap'ned near St. Mary's, upon the river plain.

Our army was attacked just as the day drew down,
And soon were overpowered and driven from the lawn.
They killed Major Oldham, Levin and Briggs likewise,
And horrid yells of savages resounded thro' the skies.

Major Butler was wounded the very second fire;
His manly bosom swell'd with rage when forc'd to retire;
And as he lay in anguish, nor scarcely could he see,
Exclaim'd, "Ye hounds of hell, Oh! revenge I will be."

We had not been long broken when General Butler found
Himself so badly wounded, was forc'd to quit the ground.
"My God!" says he, "what shall we do: we're wounded every man;
Go charge them valiant heroes, and beat them if you can."

He leaped his back against a tree, and there resigned his breath,
And like a valiant soldier sunk in the arms of death;
When blessed angels did await, his spirit to convey;
And unto the celestial fields he quickly bent his way.

We charg'd again with courage firm, but soon again gave ground,
The war-whoop then redoubled, as did the foes around.
They killed Major Ferguson, which caused his men to cry,
"Our only safety is in flight: or fighting here to die."

"Stand to your guns," says valiant Ford, "let's die upon them here
Before we let the sav'ges know we ever harbored fear."
Our cannon-balls exhausted, and artillery-men all slain,
Obliged were our musket-men the enemy to sustain.

Yet three hours more we fought them, and then were forc'd to yield,
When three hundred bloody warriors lay stretch'd upon the field.
Says Colonel Gibson to his men, "My boys be not dismay'd;
I'm sure that true Virginians were never yet afraid."

Ten thousand deaths, I'd rather die, than they should gain the field."

With that he got a fatal shot, which caused him to yield.
Says Major Clark, "My heroes, I can here no longer stand,
We'll strive to form in order, and retreat the best we can."

The word, retreat, being past around, there was a dismal cry,
Then helter-skelter through the woods, like wolves and sheep they fly.

This well-appointed army, who but a day before,
Defied and braved all danger, had like a cloud pass'd o'er.

Alas! the dying and wounded, how dreadful was the thought,
To the tomahawk and scalping-knife, in misery are brought.
Some had a thigh and some an arm broke on the field that day,
Who writhed in torments at the stake, to close the dire array.

To mention our brave officers, is what I wish to do:
No sons of Mars e'er fought more brave, or with more courage true.

To Captain Bradford I belonged in his artillery,
He fell that day amongst the slain, a valiant man was he.

FOX IN THE CORNCRIB.

TUNE—"Rosin the Bow."

Dedicated to the Tippecanoe Club, by Zekil Maypole, the son of the old man.

Halloo, boys, git out from your snoosin,
There's a fox in the corncrib below;
He's bin eatin like mad, and he's dozin,
Chock full, too, of chicken, by joe.

Kick up on your ends in a jiffy,
And jump in your trousers full go;
I wants you to hunt out red Tuffy,
From uncle's old corncrib below.

Here, Danny, reach up to the rafter,
And hand down Old Tippecanoe;
I swanny we'll see what he's after,
In our old corncrib below.

Now, Harry, you get on the South side,
And Danny, you skeet round the North;
We'll soon make him open his eyes wide,
And Tippy shall pepper his broth.

Uncle Zeb, hold the light here a minit,
Till I see what the old feller's like:
Here—this crack—now the dickens is in it,
If we dont make him hoe it to-night.

By hokey, I see his bald noddle,
He's a cunning old jockey I know;
I'll show you by'm by he'll toddle,
At the smell of old Tippecanoe.

His hair is as grey as a badger,
'Twas scorching so hard made it so,
And his whiskers is red, the old codger,
Now, hark to old Tippecanoe.

Baxe!—there now you see how he's kikin,
Seek him out Nep, and bring him in tow;
I'll warrant he's done eatin chicken,
In our old corncrib below.

Now stop up the hole that he crep in,
And inside hang Tippecanoe;
And we'll see if another old Foxen,
Creeps in uncle's corncrib below.

From the Knickerbocker.

Arnold's Treason.

OR REMINISCENCES OF WEST-POINT.

(Concluded.)

Soon after the parties had reached Smith's, a heavy cannonading was heard down the river, which proved to be against the 'Vulture,' and caused her to change her position. After breakfast, Arnold and Andre were left together; and in the course of the day the nefarious scheme was finished, and the conditions settled. But so secret were all the proceedings, that to this hour the veil has never been entirely removed from the transaction. The grave has closed over the actors in the great drama.—Fancy has run wild with conjecture, yet the minute details have not transpired, and never can. Enough, however, is known to verify the truth of Walpole's remark, that 'every man has his price;' how derogatory soever to the nobler feelings of our nature, it yet found its practical illustration in the miserable Arnold. Various conjectures have been indulged as to the price paid by the British; and the better opinion seems to be, (but even that is little else than conjecture,) that he received ten thousand pounds sterling, in exchange for that brilliant reputation, 'which the wealth of a world ought to have been insufficient to purchase.'

Andre was then furnished with the following papers: I. Artillery orders, recently published at West Point, directing the disposition of each corps in case of alarm. II. An estimate of the American force at West Point and its dependencies. III. An estimate of the number of men requisite to man the works. IV. A return of the ordnance in the different forts, redoubts, and batteries. V. Remarks on the works at West Point, describing the construction of each, and its strength or weakness. VI. A Report of a Council of War lately held at Headquarters, containing hints respecting the probable operations of the campaign, and which had been sent by General WASHINGTON to Arnold, a few days before, requesting his opinion on the subjects to which it referred. These papers were all in the handwriting of Arnold, and bore his signature! At Arnold's request, the papers were all put by Andre between his feet and stockings, and in the event of detection, were to be destroyed. It was then further arranged, that Andre was to return immediately to New-York; that the British troops already embarked under the pretext of an expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready at a moment's warning to ascend the river; the post at West Point was to be weakened by such a disposition of its troops as would leave no adequate force for its defence: as soon as it was known to Arnold that the British troops were coming up the river, parties of soldiers were to be sent out from the garrison to certain distant points, under pretence of meeting the enemy, while the British landed, and were to march upon the undefended garrison by other and different routes. These details being all arranged, Andre was furnished with several different passes, to be used in case of emergency. The next question was, how he should get back to New-York? Andre insisted that he should be put on board the Vulture, but to this Smith interposed so many serious obstacles, that the matter was still unsettled when Arnold and Andre parted—to meet no more on this side the grave.

After Arnold had departed, Smith positively refused to incur the hazard of rowing down to the Vulture; and much to the chagrin and disappointment of Andre, he was compelled to adopt the only alternative, a journey back by land. Smith agreed to accompany him until he should have passed beyond the American posts. Arnold had, after much difficulty, prevailed on Andre to exchange his military for a citizen's dress. Smith was still the dupe of Arnold's cunning. He neither knew the rank, the name, nor the business of his illustrious guest; and when, with natural curiosity which such an occurrence would arouse, he inquired why a man coming in a civil capacity, and on commercial business, should be dressed in full uniform, he was told it was Mr. Anderson's ambition to be considered a man of consequence, and that he had borrowed from an acquaintance the military costume in which he appeared; but now that he was compelled to return by land, a citizen's dress would be obviously more proper. With this plausible reasoning, Smith was so well satisfied, that he furnished Andre from his own wardrobe with the necessary apparel. Just before sunset, he and Smith, accompanied by a negro servant of the latter, proceeded to 'King's Ferry,' and crossed the River from 'Story Point' to 'Verplanck's Point.' In pursuing the route which was considered most safe, they met with many of Smith's acquaintances, with whom he drank and joked, but suffered no interruption until near Crompond, where they were hailed by the sentinel of a patrolling party, by whose captain they were examined. The pass signed by Arnold was produced, and ended all further delay; but the worthy captain of the guard was so urgent that they should not incur the personal danger of farther travel that night, that Smith resolved, greatly to the annoyance of Andre, to stop, and in the humble cottage of Andreas Miller,

an honest old farmer, they found rest for the night.

Early in the morning, they proceeded on the road leading to Pine's Bridge, and about two miles beyond it partook of a frugal breakfast at the house of a good Dutch woman, who, though plundered by the marauders, was enabled to spread before them a repast of hasty-pudding and milk, accompanied, we doubt not, with an honest welcome, and a woman's blessing. After breakfast, Smith divided with Andre his small stock of paper money, took his final leave, and with his servant returned to Peekskill, and thence to Fishkill, whither he had sent his family during the memorable scenes that had occurred at his house. On his way back, he took occasion to call at 'Beverly,' dined with General Arnold, and gave him a full account of Mr. Anderson's progress, and where he had left him. When Smith and Andre parted, it was understood that Andre would pursue the route through 'White Plains,' avoiding the river roads, and thus reach New-York; but instead of that, he turned off toward the Hudson, taking the Tarrytown road.

It so happened, that the same morning on which Andre passed Pine's Bridge, seven persons, who resided near the Hudson, on the neutral ground, agreed to go out in company and watch the road, to intercept any suspicious stragglers, or droves of cattle, that might be passing toward New-York. Three of this party, JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, and ISAAC VAN WART, were concealed near the road, in the bushes. About half a mile north of Tarrytown, and a few hundred yards from the Hudson, the road crosses a small brook, from each side of which the ground rises into a hill, which at that time was covered over with trees and underbrush. At this point Major Andre was stopped. After an examination of his passports, he was suffered to proceed; but immediately after, one of the men, thinking that he perceived something singular in his appearance, called him back. Andre asked them where they were from: 'From down below,' they replied; meaning from New-York. Too frank to suspect a snare, Andre answered, 'And so am I.' He was then closely searched, and the papers found concealed in his stockings. They were examined, and Paulding said, 'He is a spy!' Andre made the most liberal offers to his captors to procure his release, but in vain. He was carried by them a prisoner to North Castle, one of the American posts, and there surrendered to Colonel Jameson, the officer in command.

As a reward for the virtuous and patriotic conduct of Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart, Congress voted to each an annuity for life of two hundred dollars, and a silver medal, having on one side a shield, inscribed 'FIDELITY,' and on the other the motto, 'Vincit armor patrie.'

Colonel Jameson, after a careful examination of the papers, notwithstanding the fact that they were all in the hand-writing, and bore the signature of Arnold, and carried on their face the indisputable evidence of his treason, ordered the prisoner to be sent directly to Arnold! This conduct was indeed most extraordinary, and justified the remark of General WASHINGTON, 'that either on account of his egregious folly, or bewildered conception, he seemed lost in astonishment, and not to know what he was doing.' The prisoner was accordingly sent off to Headquarters, and the papers despatched by an express to General WASHINGTON. Major Tallmadge, the second officer in command under Colonel Jameson, was absent from the post when the prisoner was brought in; but having returned very shortly after the guard had departed with him, and being apprized of the facts, he at once declared his full conviction of Arnold's treason, and urged so earnestly that the prisoner should not be sent to Headquarters, that Colonel Jameson yielded a reluctant assent that an express should be instantly despatched; and in a few hours Lieutenant Allen returned with Andre to North Castle; from thence he was removed for greater security to Salem, and placed under the charge of Major Tallmadge. Upon reaching this post, Andre found that he was not to be taken to Arnold; and utterly despairing of escape or concealment, he wrote his first letter to General WASHINGTON, dated 'Salem, 24th September, 1780,' in which, with a soldier's frankness, he disclosed his situation, and all his proceedings. He then handed the letter open to Major Tallmadge, who read it with strong emotion, and sealed and forwarded it to General WASHINGTON.

The commander-in-chief was then on his way from Hartford, and changing the route which he had first proposed, came by the way of West Point. At Fishkill he met the French minister, M. de la Luzerne, who had been to visit Count Rochambeau at Newport, and he remained that night with the minister. Very early next morning he sent off his luggage, with orders to the men to go with it as quickly as possible to 'Beverly,' and give Mrs. Arnold notice that he would be there at breakfast.—When the General and his suite arrived opposite West Point, he was observed to turn his horse into a narrow road that led to the river. La Fayette remarked, 'General, you are going

in a wrong direction; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us.' WASHINGTON good naturedly remark: 'Ah, I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me: I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river.' The officers, however, with the exception of two of the aids, remained. When the aids arrived at 'Beverly,' they found the family waiting; and having communicated the message of General WASHINGTON, Arnold, with his family and the two aids, sat down to breakfast. Before they had finished, a messenger arrived in great haste, and handed General Arnold a letter, which he read with deep and evident emotion.

The self-control of the soldier enabled Arnold to suppress the agony he endured after reading this letter. He rose hastily from the table; told the aids that his immediate presence was required at West Point; and desired them so to inform General WASHINGTON, when he arrived. Having first ordered a horse to be ready, he hastened to Mrs. Arnold's chamber, and there, with a bursting heart, disclosed to her his dreadful position, and that they must part, perhaps forever. Struck with horror at the painful intelligence, this fond and devoted wife swooned, and fell senseless at his feet. In this state he left her, hurried down stairs, and mounting his horse, rode with all possible speed, to the river. In doing so, Arnold did not keep the main road, but passed down the mountain, pursuing a by-path through the woods, which Lieutenant Arden pointed out, and which is now called 'Arnold's Path.' Near the foot of the mountain, where the path approaches the main road, a weeping willow, planted there no doubt by some patriot hand, stands, in marked contrast with the forest trees which encircle and surround it, to point out to the inquiring tourist the very pathway of the traitor.

In our interesting visit, we were accompanied by the superintendent, Major DELAFIELD, and in the barges kindly ordered for our accommodation, we were rowed to 'Beverly Dock,' and landed at the spot where Andre took boat to aid his escape. He was rowed to the 'Vulture,' and using a white handkerchief, created the impression that it was a flag-boat: it was therefore suffered to pass. He made himself known to Captain Sutherland, of the Vulture, and then calling on board the leader of the boatmen who had rowed him off, informed him that he and his crew were all prisoners of war. This disgraceful and most unmanly appendix to his treason, was considered so contemptible, by the captain, that he permitted the man to go on shore, on his parole of honor, to procure clothes for himself and comrades. This he did, and returned the same day. When they arrived in New-York, Sir Henry Clinton, holding in just contempt such a wanton act of meanness, set them all at liberty.

When General WASHINGTON reached 'Beverly,' he was informed that Arnold had departed for West Point, he crossed directly over, expecting to find him. Surprised to learn that he had not been there, after examining the works he returned. General Hamilton had remained at 'Beverly,' and as WASHINGTON and his suite were walking up the mountain road, from 'Beverly Dock,' they met General Hamilton, with anxious face and hurried step, coming toward them. A brief and suppressed conversation took place between WASHINGTON and himself, and they passed on rapidly to the house, where the papers that WASHINGTON's change of route had prevented his receiving, had been delivered that morning; and being represented to Hamilton as of great and pressing importance, were by him opened, and the dreadful secret disclosed. Instant measures were adopted to intercept Arnold, and prevent his escape, but in vain. General WASHINGTON then communicated the facts to La Fayette and Knox, and said to the former, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' 'Whom can we trust now?' He also went up to see Mrs. Arnold; but even WASHINGTON could carry to her no consolation. Her grief was almost frenzied; and in its wildest moods, she spoke of General WASHINGTON as the murderer of her child. I seemed that she had not the remotest idea of her husband's treason; and she had even schooled her heart to feel more for the cause of America, from her regard for those who professed to love it. Her husband's glory was her dream of bliss—the requiem chant for her infant's repose; and she was found, alas! as many a confiding heart has oft been found,

'To cling like ivy round a worthless thing.'

Arnold wrote to General WASHINGTON, declaring the innocence of Andre; that he came on shore under his protection, and was not answerable for any wrong of Arnold's, and soliciting also protection and kindness for his wife, who, he remarked, 'was as good and innocent as an angel, and incapable of doing wrong.'

WASHINGTON took active measures to guard against the treason. Not knowing how far the poison had spread, or who of all those about him had been affected by it, he was compelled to a course, which, while it did not distrust any

one in particular of his brave compatriots in arms, yet extended over all the tireless vigilance of an eye sleepless in its country's service. Andre was sent under a strong guard to Headquarters at Beverly, where he arrived in the custody of Major Tallmadge, on the morning of the 26th. WASHINGTON made many inquiries of Major Tallmadge, but declined to have the prisoner brought into his presence, and never did see him while in the hands of the Americans. Andre was next taken to West Point, where he remained until the morning of the 28th, when he was removed down the river in a barge, to Stony Point, and thence, under an escort of cavalry, to 'Tappan.' Some doubt has existed whether Andre was ever at West Point; but it is on record, on the authority of Colonel Tallmadge, who personally attended Andre, from the moment of his arrest to that of his execution, that he was carried to West Point, but not imprisoned there.

In passing down the river, he conversed freely with Major Tallmadge, pointed out a piece of table-land on the western shore, where he was to have landed, and pointing to old Fort Putnam, which still stands in lofty grandeur, almost undecayed by time, the constant resort of the pilgrim patriot, detailed the projected course of the British up the mountain to its attack; and I learn that so well had the preparations been conducted, that the scaling-ladders with which the walls were to be passed, were found afterward, concealed, ready for service, and some of which were preserved until within a few years, by an aged patriot, as relics of that remote period; and even now may be seen in the drill-house at West Point, a portion of the huge chain that was stretched across the Hudson, just below West Point, to obstruct the British shipping, and several links of which Arnold had caused to be cut, that the enemy could break it with the greater facility. On their way to Tappan, Major Andre was very anxious to know what would be the result of his capture; and when Major Tallmadge could no longer evade a direct reply, however painful to his feelings, he told this short and simple story: 'I had a much-loved class mate in Yale college, by the name of NATHAN HALE, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long-Island, General WASHINGTON wanted information of the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, was taken just as he was passing the out-posts of the British, on his return.'—Turning to Andre, Major Tallmadge said, with emphasis: 'Do you know the sequel of that story?'

'Yes,' said Andre; 'he was hung as a spy; but surely you do not consider his case and mine alike?'

Major Tallmadge replied: 'Yes, precisely similar, and similar will be your fate.' From that moment, the dejection of his spirits was striking and painful.

On the 29th of September, General WASHINGTON summoned a board of officers, consisting of six majors general and eight brigadiers. They were directed to examine the case of Major Andre, and to report the facts with their opinion of the nature of the transaction, and its punishment. When the prisoner was brought before them, the president informed him that he was at perfect liberty to withhold an answer to any questions put to him. Declining to avail himself of any legal or technical rights, he proceeded to give a brief narrative of all that had occurred, between his landing from the Vulture and his capture; and stated expressly that he did not come on shore under the protection of a flag of truce. His deportment was manly, dignified, and delicate; and while he sought no disguise or concealment of the part he had played in this transaction, he was scrupulously careful not to disclose the names or acts of others. After full consideration, the Board of Officers reported the facts in detail, and their opinion that Major Andre ought to be considered a spy, and that, according to the laws and usage of nations, he should suffer death. The voice of humanity pleaded loudly for mercy to Major Andre, but the stern realities of the scene which might have been presented, had his agency been successful, forbade all hope. Inexorable justice, and the stern degrees of the law, alike required an example, which should not only prove a warning to all traitors in time to come, but convince the American people that their cause was in the hands of men who 'knew their rights, and knowing dared maintain them.'—Appeals the most powerful were made, and no human effort left untried, to induce WASHINGTON to save Andre, but in vain. His heart was full of the human kindness; his sympathies were all enlisted for the interesting prisoner, whose life was in his hands; and it required the firmness of a Roman father, to withstand the promptings of his own generous nature. But he never shrunk from the rigid performance of a public duty, or permitted his heart to dictate what honor and patriotism alike forbade.

One plan, however, suggested itself to WASHINGTON, by which, if successful, the life of Andre might be spared; and that was, in exchange Andre for Arnold. It was a forlorn hope; but the bare attempt proves the nobility of the